the object discontents you?

Luiia. Yes it does.

Row. Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?

Liii Yes as I may know manie by repentance.

Row. Why doe yo breake your faith?

Liii I'le tell you that too
you are vnder age, and no band holds vpon you.

Mor. Gramercy for that wench.

Liii. Sue out your vnderstanding,
and gett more haire, to couer your bare knockle
(for boyes were made for nothing but dry kisses.)
and if you can more manners.

Moro. Better still.

Liii. & then if I want spanish gloues, or stockings
a ten pound wastcote, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept'em.

Row. farewell, and when I credit woman more
may I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(and know him to be so) that breake my neck.

Luiia. Because I haue knowne you, I'le be thus kind to you,
farewell, and be a man, and i'le prouide for you,
because I see yar desperate, some stayd chamber mayde,
that may retieue your youth with wholsome doctrine.

Moro. Ha wench!

Liii. Ha chicken? — She giues Moroso a box ath eare, & Exit.

Moroso. Is't come to this,
Saue you.

Row. The diuell take you.

Moro. Oh.

Row. There's a loue token for you, thuck me now. — Exit.

Moro. Ile thinke on some of you, and if I liue.

My

my nose alone shall not be playd withall. — Exit

Actvs II. Scena j.ma

Enter Luiia

Luiia. How if I can gett in but handsomely
father I shall deceiue you, & this night
for all your priuate plotting, He no wedlock
I haue shifted sayle, and finds my sisters safetie
a sure retirement. Pray to heauen that Rowland
beleeue not to far, what I said to him,
for yond old fox case forc'd me, that's my feare.
Stay, lett me see, this quarter fierce Petruchio
Keepes with his Mirmydons; I must be suddaine,
if he sease on me, I can looke for nothing
but Marshall law; to this place haue I scap'd him,
aboue there. — Enter Maria and Bianca (aboue.

Maria Qui va là?

Luiia A friend.

Bian Who are you?

Luiia Looke out and know.

Mari. Alas poore wench, who sent thee?
What weake foole made thy tounge his orator?
I know ye come to parley.

Luiia Y'are deceiu'd,
vrg'd by the goodnesse of your cause I come
to doe as you doe.

Mar. Y'ar to weake, too foolish
to cheate vs with your smoothnes; do not we know
thou hast been kept vp tame?

Luiia. Beleeue me.

Maria No, prethee good Luiia

vtter